

Kick

VOL. 1 \$1 NO. 1
EN

COLLECTORS'
ISSUE

HOW
TO KEEP
HER IN
LINE!

TERRY
HIGGINS
IN
FULL
COLOR!

ADULTS
ONLY

A MAGAZINE FOR MASTERFUL MEN!



KICK-OFF!

Life is a kick for some, a serious career for others, and a bewildering chore for more people than would care to admit it. Firm believers that life should be a kick, with each moment devoted to wringing the last drop of enjoyment out every activity — and every inactivity, for that matter! — the editors of *KICK* present this magazine for your entertainment.

Everybody, in his own fashion, is a little bit crazy — a fact which, in the compilation of this first issue, has not been ignored. One of the finest kicks in the world is being *crazy* about beautiful girls, and knowing what to do about it. You may note, on leafing through these pages, that there is a goodly representation of girls clad in fetching frills, sheer hose, other items of intimate attire, all of which serve to underscore our happy conviction that the female form divine is more appealing to the man with imagination when it *doesn't* resemble a marble statue in an art museum.

Good luck, gallant sir! May you rescue many a maiden as you gallop off in search of kicks!

— THE EDITORS

Kick

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DEMAND PERFORMANCE

Fiction by Charles Owens



It all depended upon his willingness to rescue a girl who didn't seem to deserve rescue—or want to be rescued!



IT HAD BEEN a good week at the Bingo Club — we'd have stayed a second week if we could have postponed the booking at Gus Stewards, towards which we were now driving up the old Coast Highway at three o'clock that Saturday morn-

ing. I figured to make it in about eight hours, with Nadine spelling me at the wheel.

The station wagon was new and the road was almost empty as we barreled north. We were wide awake from the coffee fifteen minutes before, but silent as a result of

the argument we had had with it.

It had been brief and unpleasant — I had suggested that we stop at a motel while we still had the energy to make love. Nadine had informed me coldly that she wasn't in the mood.

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DEMAND PERFORMANCE

"You haven't been in the mood for some time," I observed. "What's wrong? Is it something I've done?"

"Let's not talk about it."

"You're very beautiful . . ."

"Go to hell," she had said, draining her coffee cup.

There had been no more words between us since. Nadine knew I needed her in the act — that I couldn't find and break in a new girl overnight. Something was bugging her, and I didn't have the foggiest idea what it was.

WE SAW THE ACCIDENT as we rounded a sharp curve. Half in the ditch, a fairly new sedan was slanted across one lane. There was a man-shaped blob on the pavement alongside it. A second man stood on the highway waving his arms frantically.

I skidded to a stop.

"You stay in the car," I cautioned Nadine. "I'll see what this is." I got quickly out of the station wagon and approached the man lying on the ground. He was fat — soft, flabby fat, and seemingly unconscious. The other man ran up beside me.

"Can you get us to a hospital?" he rasped.

"How badly hurt is he?" I asked. "I don't know. He's out cold. Anybody with you that could help us move him?"

"Just my — wife," I simplified. "We ought to have something we could make a stretcher out of." I turned to go back to the car.

The fat man sat up. "Don't bother," he said. He was pointing a gun at me.

At the same time I heard a short scream from the wagon.

"That's Joe, telling your wife not to get excited," explained the thinner of the two. "Keep cool and you won't get hurt," he added, seeing me tense at Nadine's scream.

They herded me back to the station wagon, where Joe was holding Nadine at gunpoint. "Well!" said the first man, seeing the girl's stunning beauty for the first time.

I was well aware of Nadine's physical attractions — what interested me at the moment was the man named Joe, who bore a strong resemblance to a large orangutan with overtones of Humphrey Bogart thrown in for good measure. His ugliness was not just an accident of nature — what was behind those small, pigish eyes was just as ugly as his face. "Hey, she's a doll!" breathed the

heavyset one.

"One thing at a time," warned Joe. "The first thing we do is get out of here. Slim, you get the other car off the road — we'll wait for you."

"What's the idea?" I managed to protest. It earned me a painful swipe across the side of my head from Joe's revolver.

"You shut up," he spat. "Gimme the car keys."

"They're in the ignition," I told him.



"Hey!" the recent 'victim' called out. "They've got a coffin back here!"

It was a steel casket, padlocked shut, chained securely and then encased in a protective canvas covering, which in turn was laced like a football casing. Our suitcases were wedged in around it, filling the back of the station wagon. Needless to say,

the casket was one of my prize possessions.

Joe turned, but the gun remained steady. "What's in that thing?" he demanded.

"It's not Girl Scout cookies," I said. "My uncle Ezra is in that casket — we're taking him home to be buried, God rest him."

Nadine looked at me as if I'd gone off my nut; the three thugs bowed their heads for a split-second of respect. "God rest him," Slim repeated quietly.

"Move that goddam car!" Joe barked, and Slim took off, leaving Joe and Fatso covering Nadine and myself. Never having been a hero, I decided to keep it that way until they put down their guns, anyway. If we were lucky, they'd knock us unconscious and take the car. There were a number of other possibilities, too. I could see that Nadine was just as scared as I was.

A moment or so later the five of us were in the wagon, Nadine and I in the front seat, with her in the middle and Slim behind the wheel. Joe and Fatso sat directly behind us, on either side of "uncle Ezra," and pressed the cold muzzles of their guns against our necks.

"Take the next side-road goin' up," Joe instructed, and Slim put the wagon in gear. It was semi-mountainous country — "going up," I knew, could take us into the sort of no-man's land where we might not be found for days. About three miles from the "accident," Slim found a road that looked promising. I crossed my fingers and hoped that Uncle Ezra was packed securely and would neither clank nor burble on the upgrade.

NADINE SAT STIFFLY at my side, with a grim expression on her face, while Slim used his free hand to explore her knee and thigh. If it hadn't been for the revolvers waiting to blow our brains out . . .

"Pull off on that dirt road," Joe said suddenly. "And kill the lights."

There was a good moon — enough for Slim to drive by, anyway, at ten miles an hour. About five minutes later Joe was satisfied that we'd reached a sufficiently secluded location, and ordered us out. When he had walked about ten feet from the vehicle, he told us to turn around.

I could see a coil of rope in his hand — I'd had it on the floor of the wagon. I tried not to grin.

Slim came up with a knife, about then, and cut off a three-foot length of the rope. "Okay, buster," Joe

(Continued on page 74)

Strictly for kicks



What we have to say about
curvaceous Del Kaye
can be summed up
in one three-
letter word:
WOW! Like,
man, just
looking at her
is a kick.





Unlike most models, Del claims she doesn't like to sleep in the nude. She'd rather gird her magnificent loins in silks and satins and luxuriate in the civilized feel of fine laces.



With a touch of the Amazon in her make-up, Del exudes an



aura of competence wherever she goes. When on her way to a modeling assignment, for instance, hatbox in hand, she has been known to create minor traffic jams as she crosses busy streets and temporarily halts the flow of commerce. But inside she's not that sort of girl at all.



She confesses that her real kicks come from being with people who act like she looks. "It gives a girl a certain sense of security," she says. Apparently, with girls like lovely Del Kaye, he who hesitates is lost.





DUE TO TODAY'S emphasis on mammary magnificence, many other delightful parts of the female anatomy go almost unnoticed as areas to lure the male eye and limber the libido. If you're not nuts about what's up front, you almost run the risk of being classified as un-American.

But the fact that remains is that if you're out for a stroll and decide to observe a fair filly over a period of several blocks, it looks damn suspicious if you achieve a position from which you can observe her frontal fixtures during the trip. However, the simple expedient of following her, a discreet distance behind, will give you a fairly steady and unobstructed view of her rear.

Now, a woman, from the rear, is more than just a pair of *gluteus maximae*, of course — but you must admit that her fanny is her most obvious feature from that direction. Due respect may be paid to other parts, such as her feet, her ankles, her calves and the backs of her knees, as well as her back, shoulders, nape of the neck and hairdo — but our attention still centers on that part of the anatomy to which

DARING DERRIERE

a girl named Vikki Dougan lent her name a few years ago when she appeared on the scene featuring reverse cleavage!

In short, if you're going to view a girl from the back, you just can't help looking at her tail assembly. And with a little practice, you'll get so you can identify the various types of doll from that feature alone. You might get as good at it as a certain small-town proctologist who would drape his patients (some of the town's leading women) with a sheet which had a hole cut in the center of it, through which only that part under examination would protrude. Then he'd call his assistant in from the next room and say: "Well, Charlie, who do you think this is?"

Let's assume, however, that you don't want to become quite that specific. What, then, does one look for when viewing a pretty posterior?

First of all, size and conformation are important — nobody in his right mind wants an overly fat fanny as the object of his adoration. Nor does one particularly desire one in which the bones are showing. A good look at the cutie on these pages should suffice to give one a good grounding in what a derriere should look like.



Secretaries, receptionists and switchboard operators tend to become a bit heftier in this department than their more mobile sisters, the file clerks, messenger girls and waitresses.

Not only can a woman's general occupation, but her approximate age and, to a certain degree, her experience, be told from a casual observation of her fanny in motion. It is far more beneficial, and a lot more fun, to let the student derive his own rules for rump-reading, so we won't bother with a detailed analysis here.

Many girls, of course, are almost totally unaware that they have bottoms — or if they realize it, they are frantic in their efforts to make it look as if they hadn't. To a girl, of course, her fanny is not a very important part, except when it has to be held in with panty girdles, etc.

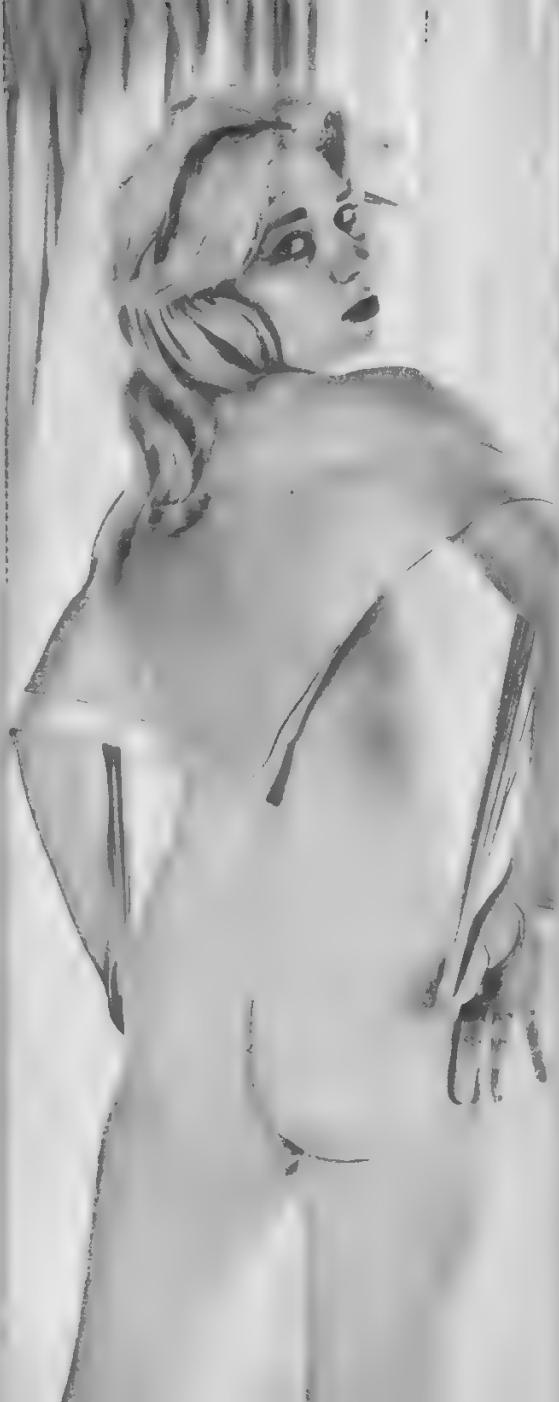
But her breasts — aha! — that's an altogether different story. Girls seem as astounded as boys that girls should have breasts. It is only as a girl becomes more mature that she begins to think of herself as a whole, and pays attention to every part of her which can be made to appear more attractive and more enticing.

Part of her early excitement over her mammary development is due, no doubt, to the fact that acquiring shapely breasts is a visible advertisement of her transition from "little girl" to "young woman" — coupled with the thought that she's had her fanny for years without it causing anyone's bloodpressure to climb, contrasted with the ego-flattering phenomenon when the first pubertal out-pokings of her pectoral protuberances caused a whole segment of the population to sit up and smile with anticipation. She should most certainly be forgiven if she's forgotten her fanny in view of what's been happening up front!

Still, lest she forget it permanently, it behooves men who have successfully conquered their back-to-the-bosom impulses to point out that while there may be a definite advantage to having C-cups that runneth over, there are other parts of her body which have powers of excitation, too. In short, that lovely stern of hers is more than just something to be spanked!

Once she's aware that it's there, you can rest assured that she'll make the most of it. If she doesn't — well, you weren't looking for that sort of girl in the first place!

— the end —



The Lipstick Kick



Somebody once said, "There is nothing new under the sun"—and scores of ambitious artists have tried to disprove his words. One of the latest attempts is shown here. The medium: lipstick on girl. The style: im-flesh-ionistic.



It takes tall talking to get a gal
to hold still for this sort of
"living" art work—for one reason,
girls are ticklish, and having to be
undressed for so long while the
artist breathes down her neck is
apt to give a girl a chill...



The finished product, however, is
"one girl" suitable for framing.
Or for exhibiting at a gallery?

HOW TO KEEP HER IN LINE



By Glenn Hudson

HERE'S A GREAT similarity between beautiful women and exhibition dogs—purebreds, that is. Curiously, for best results and exemplary performance, they should be treated in a similar fashion. In his book, *Memoirs of a Professional Cad*, screen star George Sanders states that "women should be treated like dogs" on the grounds that most men give more care and consideration to their dogs than they do to their wives.

He has a point. And perhaps the reason why can be traced to the women themselves, and their fight for equality some years ago. Dogs have never tried to be equal, but have been content to curl up at their masters' feet and be scratched behind the ears.

Now, there is a perverse fiction sponsored by the women's magazines that a gal can be beautiful, practical, feminine, efficient, suc-

cessful in a career, etc. — and happily married all at the same time! This obviously isn't so, unless her career is that of a courtesan, where all of these qualifications are keyed to the erotic entertainment of the male.

Very few of us are fortunate enough to have a bona fide courtesan occupying our beds, and most of us wouldn't like the idea of sharing her, anyway. So we'll have to settle for the next best thing, which consists of training that delightful, headstrong, impractical, over-educated all-American doll we picked, to be the sort of private courtesan and beauti- show-animal a real man has some use for.

With a purebred dog, one begins training it when it's a puppy — using a combination of commands, love, punishment and reward to set up the sort of conditioned reflexes — obedience, if you will — which is so essential in a good dog.

WOMEN, HOWEVER, are not dogs. They're more like horses. Wild horses. And like a yearling which has grown through her colthood on the range, the average doll must first be broken to the saddle before love, punishment and reward can have any effect.

Obviously, though, you can't go out to the junior colleges and finishing schools with your lariat looped and ready at your side and cut the filly of your choice out of the herd, although such a procedure would be helpful. So, instead, you arm yourself with flowers, a new convertible, the social graces and biological skills necessary to luring one of the delightful creatures into your trap. No matter how it galls you, you must learn to be romantic, and to make as many ridiculous promises as a successful political candidate. You tell the unsuspecting doll that she's beautiful, exciting, charming, stimulating, fun, necessary, and that it would make your life meaningful at last if only she would allow you to become her slave.

You can even go so far as to insist that you "love" her, whatever that means.

If you do all this with enough of a flourish, with a big enough brass band behind your words and actions, chances are she'll discover in her heart of hearts that she "loves" you, too. What's happened is that she has become used to all of this flattering attention and misinterprets her feeling of euphoria as love.

Once you've set the hook in your small-mouthed lass, you're ready to test the tensile strength of your line. This is done by creating a fight wherein you start to walk out.

Since somebody once told her

that the course of true love is never smooth, she sees this as proof positive that the magic has happened to you both — and another part of her sees all that praise and attention coming to an abrupt halt. So she patches things up, swearing — for probably the first time — the sort of eternal devotion you've been waiting to hear. If you could only get her words notarized . . .

By this time you should have made up your mind whether or not you think she's worth retaining — and retraining. We'll assume she is. The next step is the biggest, gaudiest, most public and most binding marriage ceremony you can manage, at which there are sure to be murmurings of "What a perfect couple!" and "Isn't she a lucky girl?"

DURING THE honeymoon, you manage at times to look thoughtful and once in a while even depressed, although you bravely have a good time most of the time. Let her catch you looking at her as if you are looking through her and past her. Then, when she asks what's the matter, you drop your voice to a fatalistic hush and whisper:

"I was wrong. I don't think you can do it."

"Do what?" she asks in sudden alarm.

"Be the kind of wife I thought I was bargaining for," you tell her.

"Honey!" she'll protest. "I love you! I'll be anything you want me to be."

If you don't take her up on it then and there you're a damn fool.

"Did you ever see a calf with two heads?" you ask. When she shakes her head, you explain, "They don't live very long. And the same thing goes for marriages. One of us has got to be boss, without reservation."

"But — but I thought marriage was supposed to be a partnership."

Here you laugh deprecatingly. "Partnerships are wonderful,"

you tell her, "between equals. You're a fabulous gal, honey, but let's face it: you're only a woman. You made a promise — to love, honor, and obey — and I don't want you to forget it."

"Do you think I ever could forget it?" she'll whisper, her eyes still shining with the bright spark of romance.

"Like I said, honey, you're only a woman. And women, these days, tend to forget that their purpose in life is to glorify their husbands, to cater to their husbands' wishes, to obey their husbands' commands . . ."

"You're not going to command me!" she'll flare.

"Okay," you shrug. "Let's call it quits right now, before I get used to having you around the place. How long will it take you to pack?"

There will be a moment of stunned silence, and then, most probably, a violent explosion. She'll call you every name in the book. Your best bet is to pick up your paper and pretend not to listen. Only if she becomes physically abusive should you take any dynamic action — and even then, it should be at the point where your superior masculine patience reaches the breaking point. At that point, turn her over your knee and spank her.

Never hit her with your fist — your fist is reserved for adult males.

Spanking is the proper punishment for wives and children.

FOR THAT MATTER, never really treat her as an adult. After all, you must remember that she is only a woman.

The beauty of this idea of treating women as women instead of as adult males is that you can legitimately be delighted in their excellence. Here's where the show-dog concept comes in: when she is free to concentrate on being *all woman*, instead of trying to compete with you in male areas, she can guiltlessly spend the time

necessary to make herself supremely beautiful both in public and in private, and she knows her efforts will have the reward of your proud approval; she can learn to be wonderfully depraved in the privacy of your bedchamber, knowing full well that as long as she pleases you, the rightness of the proceedings is strictly *your* responsibility; she can learn to excel in her rightful areas of cooking and sewing without suffering the gnawing uncertainties which plague more "modern" wives who have been taught that their husbands expect them to be mistress, housekeeper, mother and career-partner and never really know which hat they're supposed to be wearing at any given moment; and she knows also that when she misbehaves or displeases you or otherwise fails to live up to the simple standards you have dictated, even that eventuality has been anticipated and will be forgiven with the indulgence generally reserved for children, but not before your corrective hand has applied the spanking she deserves.

In short, your demands on her may be exacting, but they are clear-cut. You don't expect her to understand your business — she's only a woman. You don't expect her to discuss politics or the stock market with you — she's only a woman. But you do expect her to perfect herself as a woman, and you enjoy — and appreciate — her efforts in this direction to the hilt. You expect her to devote her time and energies to your pleasure and your well-being exclusively, and you reward her accordingly.

Your reward for all the time, patience and training which you invest in her will be the enjoyment you find in having a wife who truly deserves being treated like a dog instead of like a neurotic, unsure, insecure and generally pretty miserable "modern" wife.

She'll be the envy of every woman she knows.

— the end —

Jezebel



One of the most provocative and challenging girls to come to our attention in a long time is the one on these two pages—who combines sultry femininity with a daring “catch me if you can” glint in her eyes. By profession a top strip tease artist, Jezebel projects this intriguing duality across the footlights and into the hearts of her predominately male audience.

She's like a jungle siren and steel-mill grunting with deadly purpose across the small stage, as the sensuous wail of a cabaret clarinet weaves its age-old melodies against the punctuation of the bistro drum. Jezebel! Her very name is a challenge; her feline grace and power leave her audience spellbound. Even here, reclining in the privacy of her apartment, this smouldering temptress is a threat to my man's peace of mind, and a challenge to his manhood.





NICK THOMPSON LIFTED NUMBED FINGERS to probe tenderly at the sticky lump on the side of his head. When he tried to push himself to his feet, blades of pain lanced violently across his forehead and the motion of the powerboat threw him flat again.

"Take your time, skipper," the female voice instructed quietly.

He clamped his eyes shut, propped on a wobbling elbow, and tried to recall how he had managed to end up on the floor of the *Williwaw's* cockpit with a knot on his head. He had chartered his thirty foot boat, in Jamaica, to a man and his wife who had wanted to do a little fishing. The price had been right and the weather good, so he'd stowed them aboard and headed out of Kingston in the faint light of morning. Somewhere between the capitol of the island and Portland Point, they'd belted him with something resembling the main gaff of a Gloucester schooner, and he'd ended up on the floorboards of his boat as it streaked off across the blue waters for some unknown destination.

He started to get to his feet again, using the fishing chair as a crutch.

"You have a soft skull, Captain Thompson," the girl told him. "You've been out a long time."

Behind her, the big Jamaican Negro nodded his oversized head and flashed brilliant teeth over his shoulder. His huge paws were fingered around the spokes of the *Williwaw's* wheel.

"Where th' hell's your gutless husband?" Nick grunted, and swung into a sitting position in the fishing chair.

"Below," the woman said.

His vision swam back slowly and he allowed his eyes to focus boldly on the generous thrust of breasts beneath the silk blouse. It had popped a button or two, possibly

punishable by hanging."

The crimson lips smiled. "But from the yardarm of the stolen boat. This one has none, Captain."

"I'll put one on her."

"I don't think so."

Thoughts of Lita Martinez drifted into Nick's muddled mind as he started blankly into the redhead's gun. She was probably the only person in Kingston who had any idea about him chartering his boat to the piratical couple who claimed to be American tourists. If these people were any kind of tourist, the U.S. had better start worrying.

The waves of nausea and dizziness washed over him with the violence of a white squall, but were gone as fast. He stood up, legs spread to brace himself against the motion of the boat.

"Sit down, Captain. I'm not ready to take care of you yet. We have to wait until Johnny comes up." She smiled. "He's busy tying up your girlfriend."

Thompson blinked. Lita! Here!

He didn't get much of a chance to think about it, because the redhead's thin husband — if he was her husband — came up from the cabin and nodded briefly to the Negro, Buck. Flashing another grin, Buck moved aft and pulled a length of line from the rope locker. He wasn't very gentle in lashing Thompson's hands behind his back.

"There," Buck grinned.

"Take him below, with his senorita."

The big Jamaican thrust an oversized hand under Nick's arm and lifted him out of the fishing chair. He aimed him toward the hatch and shoved gently. Nick stumbled down the companionway into the cabin and fell into the starboard bunk.

"Nick!"

Nick fought for his life, for his mistress and for his boat — and had about the chance of a snowball in hell of hanging on to any of them!

THE WAKE OF

DEATH

from sheer strain, and the result was interesting 'even to a man who was probably the recipient of a concussion. The blouse was tied across her stomach and the smooth column of her waist had been wedged into a pair of white shorts that seemed like another layer of skin. Beneath that everything was bare and beautiful . . . and deadly, Nick decided. There was a .45 automatic in one slender fist and it never wavered from its uncomfortable position — aiming at his head.

THE JAMAICAN, recently hired to bait hooks, had apparently been a part of the scheme from the beginning and he knew how to handle boats. In fact, he looked as though he could handle damned near anything. His name was Buck. Nick recalled, and he seemed to be the Caribbean's answer to Yukon Eric, with a deep tan.

"Piracy," Nick muttered to the gunbarrel, "is a crime

The hatch closed above him and he turned to look at Lita Martinez.

"Nick, querido, what do they do?"

"I dunno, amante, but it doesn't look good. How'd they get you?"

"It ees after you have gone, las' night," she told him. "They come into thee bedroom an' before I can cry out, I am wrap up in thee blanket. Then I am here."

Nick nodded and remembered that after leaving Lita's apartment, he had gone to a bar. A few beers had developed into a lot of beers and he had stayed there until sailing time. He'd never given Lita a thought, but now he was doing a lot of thinking about her. When he'd come too, he'd been counting on her as an ace in the hole — now, no one in Kingston knew anything about him.



KICKS for TWO

When two girls share an apartment, there is bound to be friction. The ancient Chinese knew all about it when they designed their alphabet. The character for woman is: 女 The character for house is: 家 And the character for trouble is: 女女—or

Still, for economic reasons, thousands of girls share apartments with girls.





The best way for them to avoid trouble is to find another pair of Chinese characters: AA —two men! Assuming that the two men for these two girls are somewhere in our vast reading audience, we issue the following invitation: Step forward, gentlemen! As you can see, this pair of charmers — like all beautiful girls — stands ready to entertain at the drop of a hat, a wallet, and a wedding ring! On second thought, seeing that we can't give out their address or phone number, you might as well scout around for such a shapely pair in your own neighborhood. And when you ring the doorbell, be sure to bring a friend — then you'll know what we mean by kicks for two!

KICKS for TWO





Article by Richard Pratt

IF, FOR A MOMENT, you were to imagine yourself a woman instead of a man, what would be the most uncomfortable, the most annoying, the most cumbersome garb you could think of? To save you all that mental anguish, the answer is *the straps, frills and absurdities today's well-dressed woman wears as a matter of course.*

Despite manufacturers' claims to the contrary, no one has yet devised a truly comfortable brassiere. The band restricts free breathing, the straps cut into tender shoulders, the cups constrict. Likewise, girdles, cinch-belts, pantie girdles, garter belts, etc., act the same way. What with straps, laces, boning, clinging and constricting elastic, even the smoothest seam leaves an angry mark on the skin, and causes constant minor discomforts to the wearer. Silk and nylon stockings must be skin-tight and run-free, supported either by a tight garter about the thigh or by a series of elastic straps depending from a lacy instrument of torture called a garter belt. And if you want to punish your feet, try cramming them into a pair of heels at least one size too small and walking around for a few hours.

Okay, stop imagining — it's getting too painful.

Why do women wear these things?

According to some psychologists, women have a built-in need to be reminded that they're women. The straps and the constrictions accomplish this, making up for the lack of femininity forced upon them by their legal equality with their rightful masters, men.

They have traded their once-happy status as chattel-slaves for a subtle psychological slavery to uncomfortable underwear!

We know that women look good when laced into these things, that their legs look more glamorous when encased in sheer nylons, that their effect is more feminine when tight clothing

The

"Why"

Behind

Black

Silk

Stockings



hugs them from the hips up and several yards of lacy frills billow about their legs. We men have accepted the same sublimation of our rightful role — watering down our real mastery of women to an imaginary, vicarious mastery of them through their underwear, which in most cases is designed by men!

The psychologists add that very few women are able to totally sublimate their need to be mastered in this manner. Extreme cases have been known to actually encourage rape, just to feel that they have been "mastered" by a male. Their methods of provoking sexual assault vary from wearing revealing costumes on dark streets in violent neighborhoods to flirting with strange men and leading them into an appropriate location, then refusing their favors.

Less extreme but equally effective is the wife who purposefully picks a fight with her husband in hopes that he'll beat her up and then possess her. She's tired of being treated like a lady! Other wives, with the same end in mind, make increasingly ridiculous demands of their husbands, knowing that when the unsuspecting mate is pushed past a certain point, the worm will turn and give them the clobbering they deserve.

Is it necessary, then, in order to keep your woman happy, to beat her regularly? That's a bit extreme, and in many states illegal. It can be avoided if you learn to be a consistent bully, a positive man, a man who knows how to say *No* to his woman.

She'll still wear her uncomfortable undies, much as religious fanatics used to wear hair shirts to punish themselves for the sins they would like to have committed. But with a strong man running her life, dictating enough of her actions to make her feel as if she really *belongs*, she'll be happier, healthier and far more loving than she ever was before.

Now, sir, if you're still in the mood for asking yourself questions, why do you wear a belt? Is it for any reason other than just to keep your pants up? Hmmmm?

— the end —



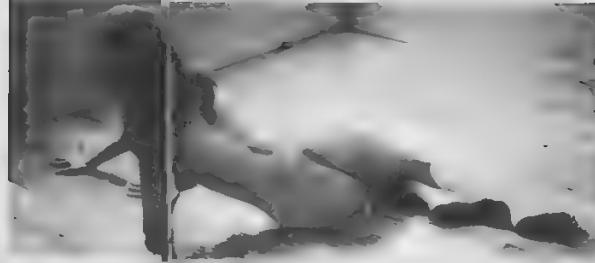
WANTED

According to most of the gals interviewed by KICK'S man-about-women, Rog Blackwood, finding a real man in these days of hanky-panky mama's boys is sometimes a difficult job. Rog probed deeper than some researchers, and found out what these dolls mean when they talk about real men.





"He's a man who knows how to take control, as a real man ought to," said one shapely siren. Another added, "A guy who, in business and in love, knows what he wants and takes it."



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by robert turner

he had found the perfect mistress; an even more perfect way to rid himself of the old

high-priced love

That night, as Mr. Parmentier arrived at his quarter million dollar country estate, tired and irritable after a hard day at his offices, Pingley, the butler, told him, "Good evening, sir. I have an announcement. The—ah—new one is here, sir."

Parmentier gasped and his face lighted. "What?" he said. "So soon? Good God, man, that's fine fast work."

"Yes, sir," Pingley agreed. "They're filling your order quite promptly, these days."

Parmentier giggled and executed a brief, slightly feeble dance step, his jewels and the pouches under his rheumy eyes jouncing.

"Pingley," he said, puffing some. "I won't want any delay after dinner. Have everything prepared."

"I already have, sir," Pingley said with profession properness.

Right them and there Parmentier wanted to run upstairs but he didn't. Patience and control made the whole thing much more rewarding the first night, he'd learned.

After dinner, lingering over a demi-tasse and a pony of Greek brandy, Parmentier said: "Ah, this is the life, eh, Ping, old scout?"

"Quite, sir," Pingley agreed.

"God-a-mighty," Parmentier said. "What a bloody fool I was in the old days, eh? The money it cost me and the trouble! To think I used to even marry some of them, for Christ sake!" Parmentier snorted, disgustedly. "And the torture of trying to get rid of one when I was tired of her, remember? The

name I got in the press. Why, I was a laughing stock of the world. Goaty old Parmentier, the man of many wives; the alimony sucker, the big pay-off clown!"

Pingley's face showed no expression; he said nothing.

"But we finally figured a way out, didn't we? We got smart, by God." Parmentier slapped his thin thigh. "We've got it made now, when I want a change. It's just off with the old and on with the new, eh? Ha-ha! Which reminds me, have you prepared that damned fat blonde thing for the last rites, now that the replacement is here?"

"Of course, sir," Pingley said.

Parmentier nodded thoughtfully, his eyes lighting with anticipation. "You know," he said. "I believe I'll use a gun this time. I haven't used a gun in quite a while."

"Whatever you wish, sir," Pingley said.

A few minutes later Parmentier went upstairs, humming happily. He shaved, showered and perfumed himself. He donned a brand new set of two hundred dollar silk pajamas, then moved toward an adjoining bedroom.

First he looked at the array of weapons Pingley had set out on a dresser top, the daggers, the swords, the bludgeons. He clucked his tongue in satisfaction. A fine man, Pingley.

Then Parmentier picked up a revolver and turned toward the bed. The figure sprawled wantonly on the counterpane, was naked. He looked down at the tremendously full



roundness of breasts; at the thick, lusty-looking hips and thighs, at the round, baby-faced expression and the thick profusion of corn-silk-yellow hair spread on the pillow.

"All right," Parmentier said. "You're through. I'm tired of your gross, fat, blonde ugliness. This is it."

His lined, sagging face strangely contorted, he emptied the gun at such close range that one mountain of a breast was blackened by smoke and gun-flash; then the swelling belly at the indentation of the navel.

After the shooting, Parmentier put the gun down and walked to the doorway to another bed chamber. He entered and stood staring, enraptured, at the female figure lying on the bed in this room. A filmy negligee fell teasingly open, revealing the perfection of delicately small breasts, the long, slender, clean line of white thighs.

"Nice!" Parmentier said, his face beginning to burn with desire, his breathing starting to labor. "So nice and new and lovely and completely different from the other one."

His gaze caressed the high-cheekboned face, the slightly slanting eyes with their almost oriental cast, the cap of short, shiny black hair modeling the exquisite head. Then Parmentier divested himself of the pajamas and approached the bed. He stood for a moment, running his fingers sensuously over the sleek curves, glowingly warm and deliciously resilient to the touch.

"Baby, baby!" he murmured. "You're exquisite. Worth every bit of the lousy five thousand you cost."

Twenty minutes later, Parmentier disentangled from the soft, white, limp limbs. Then he yanked, from a wall socket the long, silken wire that had heated to body temperature the life-sized foam rubber figure, so perfect in every human detail. With a rough foot-shove, he flopped it off the bed onto the floor and himself sprawled out to sleep.

The next morning at breakfast, Parmentier, relaxed and jovial, winked at Pingley and said: "Well, you old reprobate, aren't you even going to ask me how the new one was?"

"Oh!" Pingley said, flushing. "Of course, sir. How was—ah—she, sir?"

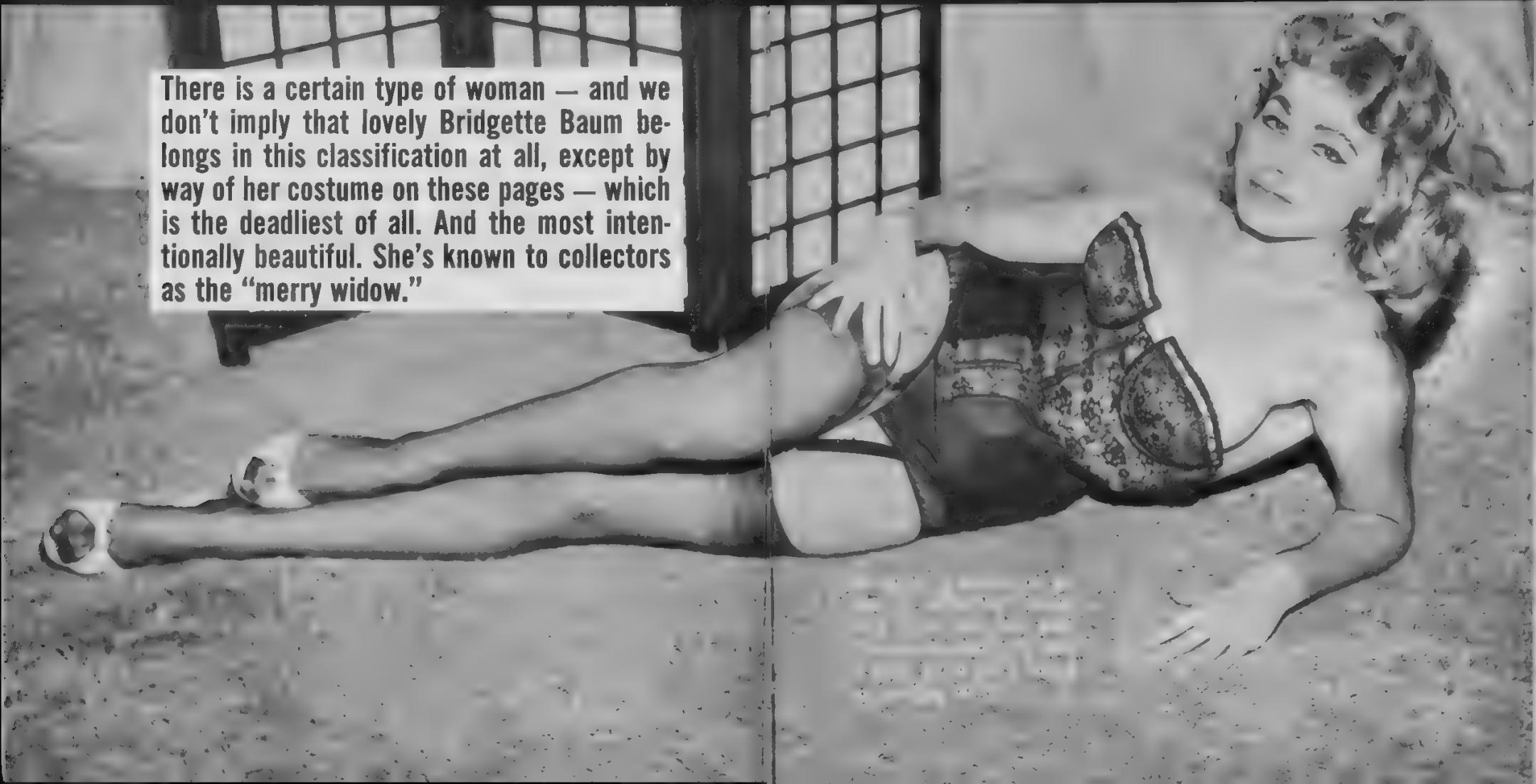
"Beautiful!" Parmentier said. "A doll! A living doll!" He looked momentarily surprised at his own words, then laughed self consciously. "Well, almost, anyhow," he added.

"Quite, sir," Pingley said, pouring the coffee.



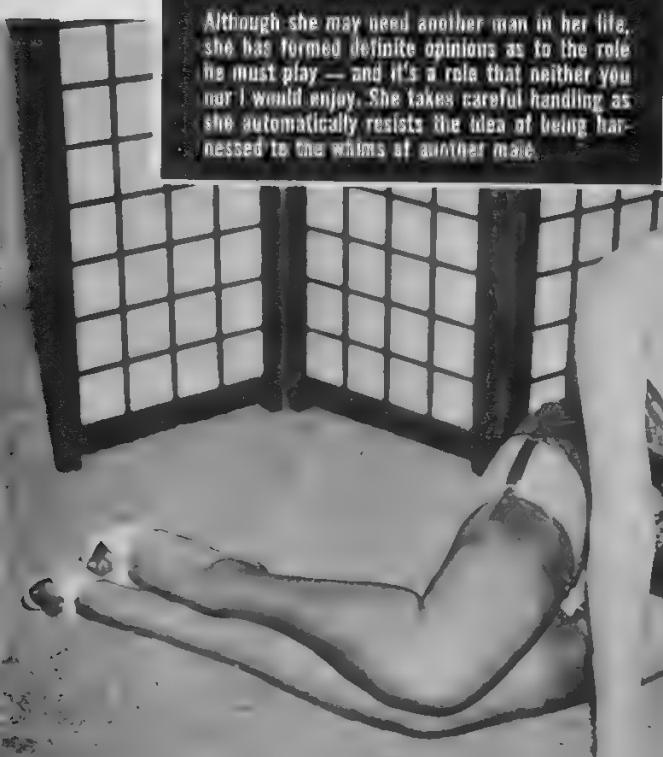
BEAUTIFUL...and Deadly

There is a certain type of woman — and we don't imply that lovely Bridgette Baum belongs in this classification at all, except by way of her costume on these pages — which is the deadliest of all. And the most intentionally beautiful. She's known to collectors as the "merry widow."





Although she may need another man in her life, she has formed definite opinions as to the role he must play — and it's a role that neither you nor I would enjoy. She takes careful handling as she automatically resists the idea of being harnessed to the whims of another male.





This sort of girl erects formidable barriers against being tied down to domesticity, but



once she's accepted the discipline of an adult relationship she's far better at making a go of it than her less experienced sisters. And that, of course, is probably what makes the "merry widow" so damned attractive!





Anyone trying to record on paper everything there is to know about girls should be treated for sleeping-symonita. But on these two pages, KICK will perhaps add to your own personal file of useable information.



all about *girls*

In the third place, girls think differently — a fact only too painfully apparent to most of the male half of the human race.

Last but definitely not the least of the strange facts about girls — they are from a separate species completely, which makes them not only impossible to understand but a more interesting challenge at the same time.

Jerry

Judy

Linda

Dean



Most of us, when we were kids, were aware of the knight in shining armor who rescued the beautiful princess from the evil tower and lived happily ever after — and then we grew up in the cold, cruel world and discovered that the beautiful princess didn't really exist, so why put on shining armor? Well, dad, beautiful princesses are coming back in style, but the supply of white knights is dangerously low. Lovely model Linda Dean gives us her views on these pages — while we sit back and view her. That's fair enough.







LINDA DEAN

KICKS FOR THE MAN



WHO REALLY CARES

There are a goodly number of unusual things to do in this world which most men don't even think of. For instance, have you ever thought of romancing a girl in a helicopter? Or in a barrel going over Niagara Falls?



No? Well, there are other pastimes just as available — such as finding a girl like the one on these two pages and convincing her that you're the King of Siam. For that touch of authenticity, you might even shave your head — it's a little enough gesture, but she'd appreciate it. For a switch, you might try shaving her head . . .



Kick's tips on Horticulture

With such a gardener in our back yard, we're sure something would come up. We wonder if she would have any use for an old rake, hmmm?



There's an old nursery rhyme that goes: "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?" KICK ventures the guess that the proper answer to that one depends upon the girl. Nevertheless, a good many girls dabble around in the garden in their spare time, getting green thumbs and grass stains on their knees.





Gardening can be backbreaking work or a relaxing pastime, depending upon the ambition of the gardener. This horticultural honey is the lazy kind, but despite her lack of ambition her garden looks rather lush, too, doesn't it?

Speaking of old rakes, one of them once said, "You can lead a horticulture but you cannot make her think." All of this gardening activity is guaranteed to make one hanker to plant a few seeds of his own, no?





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IS ... AS

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DOES



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...other girls...and
crying as "pretty girls
will do?"—to show the
most beautiful girl in the
world looks different if her
looks like unpolished rocks
if her voice sounds like
the mournful call of a long-
ago-spoken Buffalo? Some
beautiful girls who possess
these and other unfortunate
characteristics play it safe
by neither seeking nor talk-
ing—being content just to
look beautiful, and hoping
that the right man will come
along and be so much
attracted by his looks that
those that make up a girl
will take second place
and (and this is the point
that matters!)...



PRETTY
IS ... AS
PRETTY
DOES



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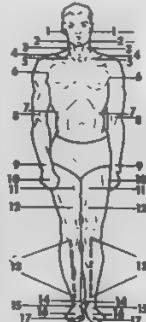
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One of the most interesting developments of the 20th century has been the emergence of girls like Honey Bee, this generation's answer to those dictators of women's fashions who keep trying to bring back the flat-chested styles of the 1920s.

Girls like Honey Bee are making brassiere manufacturers (and the men who sell the cloth to them!) — as well as the nation's males — much happier. Here are two very obvious



THE WAKE OF DEATH



Lita was still wearing a flimsy little nightgown that appeared to be made of pale blue gauze and against whose texture the soft thrust of her small breasts and thighs created sensual patterns in the dim light. Johnny had done a good job of tying her and Nick clamped his jaws together in anger when he saw the brutal rope biting into her smooth flesh. He strained futilely at his bonds, but the muscular Jamaican had done an equally good job on him.

Now what? his mind demanded bitterly.

THE FALL OF NIGHT was like a magician's trick, but then it usually is on the ocean. Nick lay on his side, trying vainly to loosen the bonds about his wrists. He'd been making a little progress, but not enough to get loose.

The hatch slid forward and the redhead's beautiful legs came into his range of vision, followed by her slender waist and thrusting breasts. She smiled at him.

"Comfy, Captain?"

"I could be a lot more comfortable," Nick spat, "if I knew what the hell's going on."

The crimson smile broadened. "Just a little mission to accomplish, Captain Thompson. Then you may have your boat back."

"In how many pieces?"

"I don't know."

"But there will be pieces?"

"Perhaps. After all, we cannot depend upon you and your charming little Mexican to keep your mouths shut."

"So, after you've used the boat, you'll mine it and turn it loose. Right?"

"Probably. I don't know, really."

"Bitch," Nick muttered.

"Marla!" Johnny shouted from topside. "Get up here! We're almost there!"

Marla, with her .45 thrust in the waistband of her shorts, went up through the hatch to the cockpit and left Nick straining to get loose.

"What do they do, Nick?" Lita asked.

"Dunno. I thought at first they might be members of some sort of counter-revolutionary movement against Castro. But that's silly. They wouldn't hijack a boat when they could get sympathizers. They've probably stolen something back in Jamaica and are running."

"What could they have stolen?"

"Search me, miel, but I haven't any ambition for having my boat blown to hell. Let's see if you can untie my hands, Lita."

He struggled to his feet and moved over to where she lay on the bunk and sat down. He could feel her moving, then her fingers, impeded by her own ropes, tugged and pulled at the knots. She was panting with the effort in seconds.

"I cannot . . ." she whispered.

"Let me try to free you." His fingers found the knots and he started to pull at them, breaking his fingernails but accomplishing little else. He tried.

He was still trying when the hatch slid forward again and Johnny shouldered his way down into the cabin. His hand lashed out, knotted in Nick's hair and yanked him away from Lita. Nick cracked his head on the top starboard bunk and felt the blackness swarming over him again. He fought it, hearing Johnny's voice through the haze of pain.

"Looks like we'll have to alter our arrangement," he gritted. "Buck!"

The Jamaican appeared, poking his head through the hatch. "Yes?"

"Come down here and spread eagle these two to the bunk supports."

BUCK GRUNTED AND CAME DOWN. Johnny grinned and went up to the cockpit with the redhead. Knowing that her muscles were numb from hours of bondage, Buck removed the ropes from around Lita's wrists and ankles, then retied her in a spread eagle fashion to the bunks. She couldn't have fought him if she had tried.

"How much they paying you?" Thompson asked him.

"A third."

"Of what?"

The Jamaican grinned. "A job," he said.

"You'll end up with a bullet, likely," Nick told him, although he knew that he couldn't sway him.

Above the throb of the *Williwaw's* twin engines, he could hear the sound of an oncoming boat. That would be the pickup. Real neat, Nick thought. They'll mine the boat, radio the Coast Guard that there is a gas leak, then take off in the pickup launch. By the time the Coast Guard reaches the scene, the *Williwaw* will have been blown to the four winds and the only bodies will be his and Lita's.

As Johnny cut the engines and waited for the pickup boat, Buck began to untie Nick's bonds. That was the moment he'd been waiting for. As soon as his hands were free, he swung a hard right at the Jamaican's head.

Pain splintered the length of his arm, but Buck was slammed back against the steps. He came to his feet and Nick hit him again, throwing all of his two hundred pounds into the punch. The big Negro grabbed at him and they struggled clumsily in the tight quarters.

There was a shot, then another. Nick felt the Jamaican begin to sag and the redhead shouted:

"You fool! You've shot Buck!"

"So what?" Johnny roared. "The more for us!" He fired again and Nick felt the third slug hit him like a punch in the stomach. The well of darkness closed over him again and he fell beside the brawny body of Buck. Lita screamed, somewhere in the darkness, and the sound held him. He lay there and listened.

"The dynamite set?" The redhead asked.

"Yeah. Get in the launch."

Pain seared his side when he moved, but he had to move. He had to get that charge of dynamite. He could hear the sound of Johnny's voice talking over the ship-to-shore, then it stopped. The Coast Guard knew about "a gas leak" on the *Williwaw* now. By the time they got here, there would be only pieces. Nick tried to crawl to the steps, but a heavy brown hand knocked him aside.

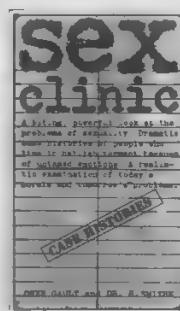
He watched Buck heading for the cockpit and tried to follow him. The Jamaican found the bundle of dynamite and stood up, the explosives smoking in his hand. "Look!" Johnny bellowed from the pickup boat. "It's Buck! Shoot!"

Gunshots echoed over the roar of the launch as they tried to get away, but Buck either didn't feel them, or they had missed. He glanced down at the dynamite absently, then threw it.

The roar of the blast threw Nick to the floor again, but he got up swiftly, holding his side. When he staggered into the cockpit, Buck was sprawled in the stern sheets. The sea was smoking where the launch had been and there was a grave-like stillness over the water. When he turned on the searchlight, he found the satchel floating in the water and fished it out with the boathook. It was full of money. Bitterly, he threw it on the deck and looked down at the dead Jamaican.

After awhile, he went down to cut Lita loose. They didn't speak. She laid him down on one of the bunks and went topside to start the engines and head for Kingston. Nick grinned. She was going to look silly as hell, piloting a boat in her nightgown . . .

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... for the right man to come along and sweep her off her feet. In this respect,

in the world, except those who have al-

most **somebody.**





The question is, sir, how you gonna keep her? KICK has a suggestion or two about what to do once she's decided you're her Mr. Right. First off, you assure her of two things: (1) that she's incredibly beautiful, and (2) that she's yours. Make no bones about it . . . establish full rights of ownership from the start and she'll give you less trouble later on. Trouble generally begins when you forget two things: (1) that she's beautiful, and (2) that she's yours.







DEMAND PERFORMANCE

Continued from page 6

growled, throwing me the piece, "tie your wife's hands behind her back."

I caught the rope, turned to Nadine and winked. "Kellar," I said quietly.

"Of course," she replied, and held out her left wrist. I tied the center of the rope securely around her wrist. Slim came over to watch.

"Put your hands behind your back and turn around," I told her.

Nadine obeyed, crossing her right wrist over her left behind her back. Slim peered closely as I took the two ends and tied them securely around the other wrist. "You musta been a Boy Scout," he observed.

"Something like that," I admitted.

Nadine looked scared and aloof at the same time. Slim stepped up to her and took the two dangling ends of rope and pulled them around her waist, tying them in front. No amount of squirming could get her fingers to that final knot.

"Now her feet," Joe commanded, tossing over another, longer piece. They were cautious, and clever — they figured a woman wouldn't kick her husband if he was being forced to tie her up, where she would have no such restraint when confronted with a stranger. The way Nadine felt about me now, though, I half expected to be kicked in the face.

Except that she knew exactly what I was doing. I stood up when I finished. "Good job," Slim said, approvingly. "You think three of us can move Uncle Ezra?"

"Move Uncle Ezra!" I was visibly shocked.

"We sure as hell don't have any use for him," Slim drawled.

Joe was approaching with the rest of the rope. "You get the station wagon unloaded and I'll take care of the girl," he said, winking obscenely.

"What's he going to do to her?" I asked quickly.

"Don't you worry about that, mister," Slim drawled. "He can be a real man when he sets his mind to it, but he won't do anything at all as long as you behave yourself. After we get Uncle Ezra out, we're gonna tie you up, too, and borrow your station wagon, that's all."

"And if I don't behave . . . ?"

Slim smiled in the moonlight. "Joe might enjoy beating her up a little. I think that's what he was sent up

for in the first place."

"I see . . ."

And if you're worried about anything else, he continued conversationally, "forget it. We made an agreement to share and share alike — the three of us. If one of us was to take advantage of your wife, all three of us'd have to, just to make things work out even. But we're in a hurry — we don't have time for that sort of thing tonight."

WE HAD REACHED the station wagon now. Fatso had the back door open and had tossed our suitcases to the ground.

"Well?" Fatso said, his hand resting lightly on the butt of his gun, which was stuck under his belt.

"He doesn't want to see his wife cut up," Slim informed him. "He's going to help us move the stiff."

The two thugs put their guns in the front seat, just to preclude any last-ditch grab I might try to make when they had their hands full of casket.

The three of us manhandled "Uncle Ezra" to the ground.

"Heavy sonofabitch," Slim panted. "It's lined with lead," I told him.

"I had a buddy died of that, too," he said. Then he turned to Fatso. "Go get some of that rope. Joe don't need all of it."

"Okay," the large man agreed, and shuffled off across the clearing.

"Joe's tying your wife to a tree over there," Slim informed me. "I'm going to fasten you to the coffin, here. By the time you squirm out of the ropes we'll be long gone, and thank you."

"I guess as long as we're alive we don't have anything to complain about, really," I allowed.

"You know, I like you," Slim said. "You seem to be a reasonable man."

I was thinking about the guns in the front seat of the station wagon. If I made a break for it before Fatso got back . . .

"I want to show you something," Slim said quietly, and reached inside his shirt. When his hand came out it was holding a small pistol. "I'm a right good shot at close range."

I dismissed the other guns from my mind. Should I risk my life just for a car? After all, they'd left me all of my equipment, and our luggage, and they didn't have time for rape. They figured on six or eight hours with the wagon before Nadine or I could get loose and blow the whistle so they'd have to find another car. And they had no motive for murder,

so why fight it?

Fatso finally returned with the rope, and the two of them silently set about to tie me up. They did a very good job of it, considering what they didn't know about Nadine and me. I had to give them A for Effort,

WHEN THEY HAD finished, and I was securely roped to the brass handles of the coffin, and gagged for good measure, Slim asked: "Where's Joe?"

"Waiting. He promised not to start until we got there. Crazy sonofabitch took all her clothes off, though."

"Mmmffffpgh!" I said through the gag.

"So long, sucker," Slim laughed. "Looks like we've got more time than I thought."

"Fffbrri!" I answered.

They didn't stick around for a translation — which was just what I wanted. It took me ten seconds to get out of the ropes and another fifteen to unlock the coffin and find what I wanted inside. When Nadine packs a trunk, it's packed right.

Then, with darkness as my cover, I followed them across the clearing, sticking to the shadows in case they should look back.

As I drew closer I could make out Nadine's pale, curvaceous silhouette in the darkness. Brother Joe had tied her to the trunk of a large tree and had, indeed, stripped every stitch of clothing from her body. Obviously, he hadn't taken his eyes off her for an instant, or she would have slipped her bonds as easily as I had. Joe had gagged her to prevent any outcry that might attract the neighbors.

The three of them stood in front of her, apparently arguing about who would be first.

I heard Slim's voice say: "Joe took her clothes off and you probably copped a feel when I sent you for the rope — there's no sense that I can see in drawing straws. Step aside, gents . . ."

I moved even closer until I could see Nadine's face. Her eyes were searching the darkness — she knew that if I was conscious I'd be somewhere nearby, and she knew what I intended to do, too. After all, she had packed the act; she knew what was in the trunk.

And she was shaking her head no. "Okay, honey, I thought. You're absolutely right. I'm not doing a thing until I'm sure of my audience."

The three thugs apparently had settled the question of who was to have her first, for in a moment they

turned towards her. Slim in the lead. Joe and Fats a discreet step behind. If they couldn't have first go, they must have reasoned, at least they could watch!

Nadine squirmed convincingly, then nodded her head and held herself still as a statue. I took careful aim.

Thank!

My first knife vibrated as it stuck in the tree, severing the rope that held Nadine to the tree at the same time.

"What the hell . . .?" Joe gasped.

"Don't anybody move!" I shouted. "I've got six more of these knives and I know how to use 'em!"

"Don't he, though!" exclaimed Slim, as still as a statue.

"Nadine, get Joe's gun and bring it here! Slim's got a little one inside his shirt. Be careful!"

"Yes, dear," she replied, slipping her wrists from the ropes and bending over to untie her legs. In a moment, much to the amazement of her erstwhile captors, she was lifting their guns with the ease of a practiced professional pickpocket.

It was the first time any of us had ever seen a nude pickpocket.

The three thugs were so startled by the seemingly impossible events of the past few minutes that none of them tried to lay a hand on her. She brought the guns and laid them at my feet.

"Now," I said, commandingly, "tie those sonsabitches up so they won't bother anybody for a while."

"Yes, master," she laughed softly so only I could hear.

I TOOK ABOUT five minutes to trust the three satisfactorily, and when it was done there was no chance of their getting out without outside aid.

"How in hell did you do it?" Slim finally asked, as I double-checked the bonds on his arms.

"You made a mistake. You tried to tie up a pair of professional escape artists. We do a knife-throwing act, too."

Nadine had found her suitcase and was rummaging through it for something to wear.

"I want to thank you for what you've done," I told them. "But we don't have time to stand around and talk. There'll be somebody by in the morning to pick you up."

It was a job getting the substitution coffin back in the station wagon, but Nadine and I had been doing it for three seasons by ourselves. Once the back door was closed I said curtly: "Get in, darling we've got things to do."

"Yes, dear."

I let the boys eat dust as I spun the wagon around for the trip down.

Halfway down the hill I pulled off into an almost non-existent lane and braked to a stop.

"Get out!" I said crisply.

Nadine looked at me oddly. "What?"

"I said get out or do I have to drag you out?"

"What's come over you?"

"Move!"

She moved — faster than I'd ever seen her move before, except for on stage, when instant response to my secret commands is all-important. I practically leaped from the seat myself. In six strides I was on her side of the car.

"Strip!" I said.

Nadine gulped — and complied.

This time, her nakedness was almost instantaneous, accomplished in one quick motion which whisked the dress off those delicious curves, as if she had been looking forward to the moment when I would command her to strip.

I crushed her to me, feeling her pliant body next to me, hearing her already ragged breath in my ear, and forced her back, and down, bending her body and her will to my own . . .

The rest of it went like clockwork. When it was over, Nadine was gasping for air.

"Why?" she finally said. "Why'd you do that?"

"You didn't like it?" I countered.

"I loved it!" she sighed.

"I got to thinking," I explained. "You had plenty of opportunity to escape when you were alone with Joe — and when you were signalling me *no* from the tree, you didn't really know whether or not I was there. It didn't make any difference, did it?"

She stared at me, not comprehending.

"I saw the expression on your face," I told her. "My mistake was in trying to treat you with kid gloves because I didn't want to lose you — when all the time you wanted to be raped."

She just smiled and snuggled her head closer to me.

"Tell me one thing, darling," I said.

"Mmm?"

"Why in hell didn't you tell me what you wanted, instead of getting mad and clamping up like that?"

"Well," she said, "that isn't the sort of thing a lady says."

I grinned and raped her again. We both loved it.

— the end —

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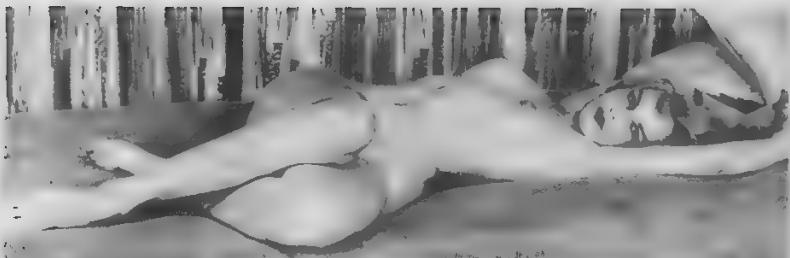
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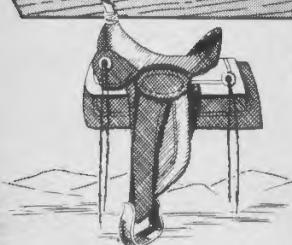
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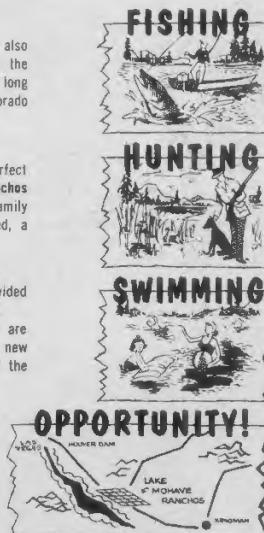
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